

# SULTAN APPEALS TO GERMAN.

Asks Emperor to Use His Offices to Settle Dispute with France.

## ADVISED TO SETTLE.

Members of French Embassy Did Not Participate in Fete of Sultan—Munir Bey in Switzerland.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 2.—The report that the Sultan has appealed to Germany to use her good offices to settle the dispute with France is confirmed. Germany, it is understood, will advise the Porte to settle with France as soon as possible.

M. Bapst, Counselor of the French Embassy, and the other members of the Embassy staff took the guardship Vautour on an excursion upon the Sea of Marmora in order to avoid dressing the vessel as the other warships in the harbor were dressed in recognition of the anniversary of the Sultan's accession to the throne, which was celebrated yesterday.

The members of the Embassy did not participate in the congratulations of the Diplomatic Corps, nor was the Embassy illuminated.

Turkish officials received only 40 to 60 per cent. of their salaries on the anniversary of the Sultan's accession.

PARIS, Sept. 2.—Munir Bey, Turkish Ambassador to France, has returned to Switzerland, where he will remain until the controversy between the two countries shall have been settled.

# ENGEL'S RETURN CALMS "DE ATE"

## EAST SIDE VOTERS AWAIT OPENING OF CAMPAIGN.

"Mart" Says His Clothes Made Every One in Saratoga Look Cheap.

Oh! there's joy among the voters on the east side of New York city. "Mart" Engel, who has been out of the city for some time, has returned. The "Protestant" Return.

A restful, soothing spirit of calm contentment has settled down upon "de Ate." The yearling vision of the voters no longer sweeps the distant horizon anxiously and in vain. Eyes that were strained from looking afar off are dimpled with the joy of beholding a loved object near at hand.

"Mart" Engel, radiating brightness from glistening apparel and glittering arms, is back from Saratoga.

To his "constituents" he brought the proud boast that he made "the swell guys at Saratoga look like thirty cents."

The famous Engel diamond made electric lights at the United States Hotel a superfluity.

The Engel wardrobe of forty suits of clothes—five complete changes a day—dazzled the summer residents.

The Engel pocketbook had its flaps open to the outside and was as open to the needy who had left their money with the "bookies" as the Engel heart is open to the woes of a voter.

The Engel ability to pick the winners was also on duty, and the Tammany leader of "de Ate" got back to the east side about five o'clock of the evening. "Say, I paralyzed 'em," said "Mart" to an Evening World reporter. "I was going to stay a couple of weeks at Newport, and mingle with the society folks there, but I didn't have a chance. Most of the swell people in Newport used to buy poultry of me when I was in the chicken business, and I wouldn't have had any trouble getting in if I had."

"But I got a telegram from Judge Koch, in Saratoga, before I had been in Newport long enough to make three changes of clothes. He said one of my constituents was in trouble, and to come on at once. I'd go across the Atlantic Ocean for a constituent, so I went to Saratoga. When I got off the train the judge was there. He said: 'Mart, lend me \$50.' 'Certainly, I gave him the money. He laughed and walked away. That's the last I heard of my constituent.'"

"But I had a great time there. The swell folks opened up, and I was in. My diamond attracted the ball at the United States hotel made everything else look like thirty cents."

"But, say, I never saw a bunch that needed money so badly. Everywhere I went I bumped into a 'touch.' The 'bookies' seemed to have got every body's money. I gave away about \$2,000 while I was there, and I don't expect to get a cent back. I was just come to me with pawntickets for their clothes, and I'd have to give 'em some of mine."

"I ain't kickin', though. I came out 14,000 ahead on the races, so I stand wither on the trip. Besides, look at the fun I had."

## EXCURSIONISTS SEE RESCUE.

Boy Taken from Steamer and Is Fallen Ashore by Life-Saver.

The Hungarian Republican Club, 250 strong, led by President Marcus Braun, embarked on the steamer Meta at the foot of East Third street for a day and evening picnic at Glenwood, N. J.

Before the start Frank Crofoot, a twelve-year-old boy, fell from the Meta at No. 30 Broome street, while fastening a strip of bathing along the railing of the upper deck, slipped and fell into the river.

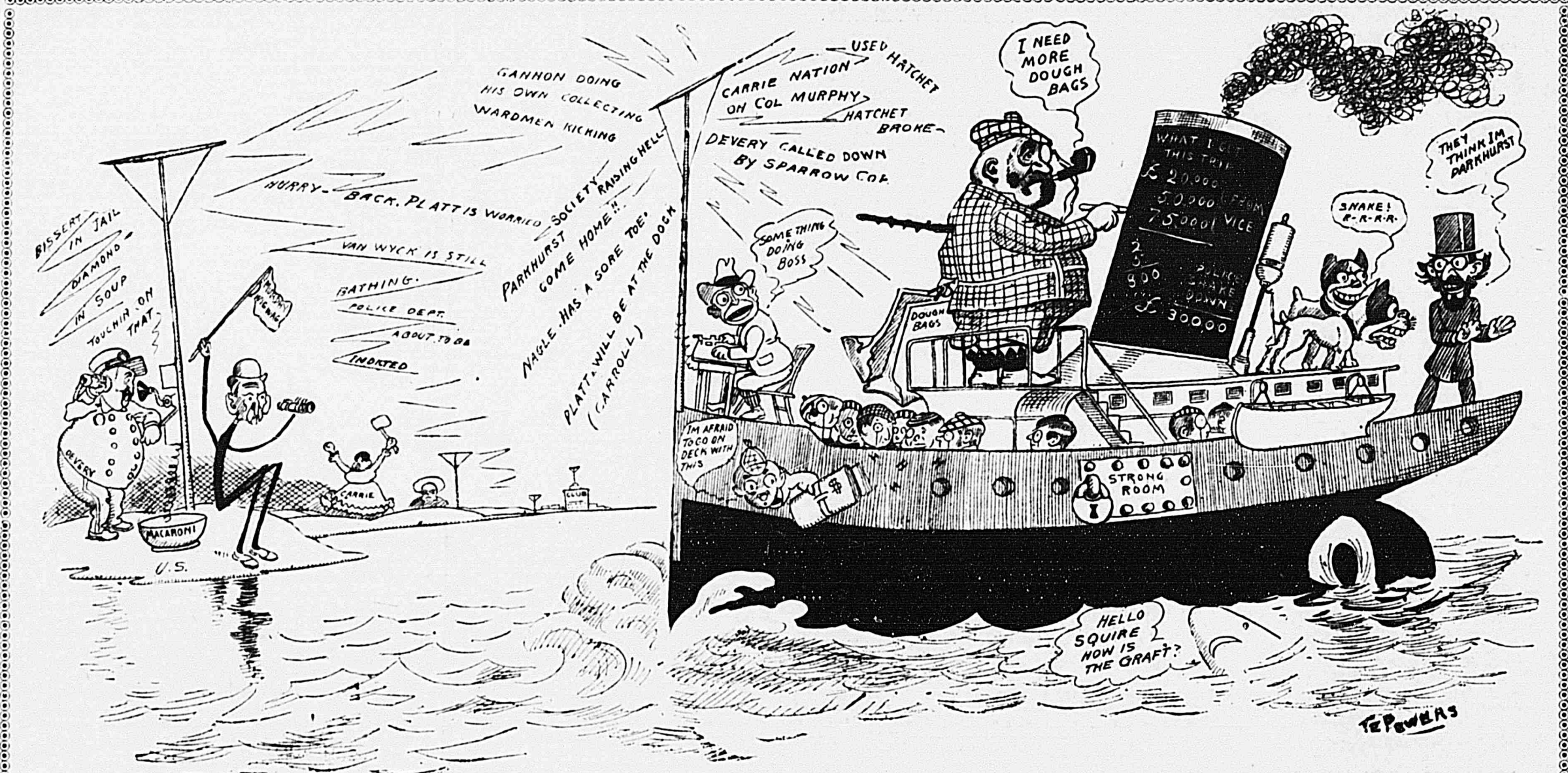
James Horton, life-saver assigned to duty on the pier, dived after the boy and brought him ashore. The boy dried himself and went on the excursion. The rescue was the tenth to Horton's credit this season.

# SQUIRE CROKER HAS A VERY BUSY DAY.

## WIRELESS MESSAGES FROM NEW YORK HAVE A DUSKY IMPORT.

FIRST WIRELESS CABLEGRAM FROM A MOVING SHIP SENT CLEAR ACROSS THE OCEAN—THE POWERS-MACARONI SYSTEM DID IT.

(By Special Powers-Macaroni Wireless Cable from the Steamer Celtic, in Mid-ocean, to The Evening World.)



## MURPHY AND DEVERY WIRELESSING THE SQUIRE.

ON BOARD THE CELTIC, THIRD DAY OUT, Sept. 2.—Squire Croker, of Wantage, who is on his way to the place where the dough grows, awoke this morning much depressed, because it was only at this moment full realization came to him of the grief which blighted his dream King Edward VII. had experienced at parting.

He was feeling very bad about it, and at one time had almost made up his mind to jump overboard and swim back to old Albion's shores. But sight of the empty dough-bag protruding from under his pillow gave a sudden switch to his emotions, and in the twinkling of an eye his thoughts were far, far from Windsor Palace and its gay cavaliers; they were wandering around East Fourteenth street, New York, where the headquarters of the great American Dough Trust are located, and they were "touchin' on and appertainin' to" things considerably more substantial than grief.

You cannot buy a pair of properly upholstered English whippets for a whole wagonload of wool, nor can you pay for a race-horse that will eat his own head off two or three times over in a season with even a big thunderstorm of war, but with a small handful of the delightful dough that grows so luxuriously along Pool Room row or in the palatial Red Light district of New York you can purchase any and every thing, and it was in kneading this glorious dough that the Squire's mind was immediately engaged the moment he caught a glimpse of the synoposed dough bags.

He spent all morning on the upper deck of the steamer figuring out with a piece of chalk on the smokestack the prospects of the dough industry for the next few weeks. He is not a Johnny De Reszke, but he lightened his arithmetical task with a little warbling, devoting himself almost entirely to the scale—do, re, mi, fa, so, la, si, do—of which he is intensely fond, probably because there is so much "do" in it. As the expenses of his trip, including horse d'oeuvre, pate de foie gras, chocolate eclairs, &c., for his team whippets, is only \$3.75 for a state room and he expects to get a pass back through a policeman on one of the North River ferries who is a friend of his, he had to waste little chalk on anything but profits. New York teams with dough just before an election, and the Squire thinks the coming crop will be sufficient to keep him in potatoes and

## THE SQUIRE ON THE CELTIC DOES A LITTLE SUM IN ADDITION.

down ten points to-day and may go lower. Appertainin' to and touchin' on which you need not bring more than one dough-bag this time, as the dividend will be a little shy.

Chief of the Dough Puddlers.

Right on the heels of the first came this message:

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Leave your dough-bags at home. You won't need them this time. On the contrary, bring over some of that race-track money you won. We can use it for campaign purposes.

LARRY DELMOUR.

Then came this nerve-twister:

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Carrie Nation is waiting for you with an axe sixteen feet long. She did me up in half a second. Better get off the boat at Quarantine and walk up via Second avenue.

"Goodness!" He said. "The Squire remarked after reading the message, and Carrie says she'll bust the Dough Trust or break her axe in the attempt. Give her a wide berth."

COL. MIKE MURPHY.

(Otherwise known in the Mulberry Street Doughery as "Tea Biscuits and Old Thirty Cents.")

The electric spark in the wireless machine was kept jumping all day. Among other messages received were the following:

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Appertainin' to and touchin' on —. Telephones out of order. No collections to-day. Col. Murphy has reinstated the striking Amalgamated sparrow O'Neill. I want Murphy broke.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Dear Squire: Will I clean the streets or cover them with your company's asphalt? Lame leg from walking beach. Collections big.

PERCY NAGLE.

P. S. Don't forget to bring the dough bags.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Dear Squire: Coler has held up the bridge appropriation. Carroll took dinner with Platt at the Oriental. Deal closed. Won't oppose. I hear you have an English accent? How is the weather? Do I get that stone contract? TOM DUNN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Important! Capt. Gannon does his own collecting. Won't use wardman. Devery kicking. How's the pups?

MIKE THE SLEDGE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Dear Squire: Will you run Alderman Bridges in place of Van Wyck for Supreme Court judge? JACK.

New York, Sept. 2.—Dear Squire:

Lewis has written a book about you, with your picture on the front page, telling about your hard luck in the ice business. He classes you with Walter Scott and the other Irish poets. I think it is all right, only I can't pronounce the big words. I turned it over to O'Sullivan. I hear you are a regular English swell, going to balls and parties. Oh, Dick! do you remember the fine old mixed-ale parties we used to have at Hanagan's? EDDIE THE SWIVEL.

The Squire said he would go out on the poop deck tonight, and while sitting there in the soft and silvery moonlight would think over the situation. He has partially made up his mind that if at any time during the voyage there is necessity for lightening the cargo of the steamer he will permit them to throw one of his dough-bags overboard. The only message the Squire has sent from this ship to New York so far is "GIVEN."

"JOHN F. CARROLL, TAMMANY HALL, NEW YORK: Ascertain where the dough is. Either himself or the doppelganger is on this ship, and I'm afraid I'll be pinched before we reach New York. The chair, with scarves, looking chin whippers, big eyeglasses, a silk hat and a white choker, follows me with a steady-did-yo-get-it-quit-on-must all day. Just now he is on the after deck trying to fix up some case or other against my dough-bags. Tell me is it Parkhurst or his ghost? I'm a bit leery, don't you know. DICK.

"Squire of Wantage."

# MOB CAPTURES STRIKE-BREAKERS.

Nine Non-Union Men Carried Away from Door of Star Tin Mill at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 2.—Strikers holdy captured nine men in a party of non-union workers imported by the managers of the Star Tin mill early this morning and prevented them from entering the mill. The men arrived shortly before midnight and were met at the union station by a large force of police, who ordered to see that they were safely landed in an omnibus and driven to the mill in Twelfth street.

The policemen at the Union Station performed their duty successfully, but after the vehicle left the station it was surrounded by a crowd of 350 strikers. Stones and vile epithets were hurled at the newcomers, and in spite of the efforts of the driver of the bus to speed his team, the strikers reached the mill ahead of the non-unionists, completely overpowered the two lone policemen stationed there, and literally carried off nine of the men and lodged them in a hotel on Liberty avenue, the other three being pulled into the mill by the company people.

The trip from the station to the mill was a most exciting one. The strikers also had gathered at the station were maddened by the policemen, ordering them not to speak to or molest the newcomers in any way, and as soon as the omnibus got fairly started stones, clinders and dirt were hurled at it. A large boulder crushed in the rear window of the vehicle and its occupants became thoroughly frightened and crouched on the floor.

When the mill was reached the overwhelming number of strikers crowded the two policemen back and they had possession of their pray before assistance could be summoned. The whole affair from station to mill and until quiet had been restored occupied not more than fifteen minutes.

The strikers say they will either secure work for the stolen men or buy them tickets to their homes.

## No Outing for Anarchists.

The widely advertised outing of New York Anarchists at a picnic park in Queens Borough, which, it was announced, would be held yesterday afternoon, did not take place. Many persons went out to see what a gathering of Reds looked like and found a lot of children dancing.

# HEART DISEASE KILLS BATHER.

FRANK HOWE DROWNS WHILE WIFE LOOKS ON.

John Beecher Breaks His Neck by Diving into Shallow Water in the North River.

Frank Howe, of the Hollywood Hotel, Long Branch, was drowned while swimming near the iron pier. His wife was on the beach when his body was brought ashore.

Howe was an expert swimmer and had gone out some distance from the shore, but had returned to shallow water, when he was overcome by heart failure, due to over-exertion. The water where he was drowned was not more than five feet deep. He made no outcry, but his wife saw him throw up his hands and went to his aid.

His body was recovered without difficulty, but he was dead when taken out of the water.

John Beecher, of No. 193 Madison avenue, lies in the J. Hood Wright hospital, paralyzed, with a broken back, as the result of a dive from the steps of a bathing pavilion at North River and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street. The water where Beecher dived was only eighteen inches deep and he struck on his head. He will probably die.

# BURGLARS FOUND 39 PERISHED IN THE BLACK SEA.

Noranmore Went Down and Only One Man Survived to Tell the Story.

TREBIZOND, Asiatic Turkey, Sept. 2.—Thirty-nine persons perished in the Belgian steamship Noranmore, which foundered near Athens, in the Black Sea.

The crew numbered forty, and only one member succeeded in reaching the shore.

The vessel carried a cargo of oil. She was bound from Batoum to Bombay. Batoum is on the shore of the Black Sea, a short distance to the northeast of Trebizond. The vessel and cargo are a total loss.

The Noranmore was a turret-deck steamship, the largest of her type afloat. She was owned by the Belgian Maritime Trading Company, of Antwerp, and was practically new, having been built in 1899.

She was well known in American waters, having plied for a time in the service of the Johnstone line, along the Atlantic coast, between the ports of Baltimore and Boston.

Of late she has been in the Russian Black Sea, transporting the Russian product through the Black and Mediterranean Seas and the Suez Canal to Bombay and other Asiatic ports.

# ROYAL PARTY IN TRAIN WRECK.

RUSSIAN OFFICIALS SUSPECT NIBILIST PLOT.

Grand Duchess Alexandra and Court Attendants Were Traveling to St. Petersburg.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 2.—A Nihilist plot is thought to be behind the attempt to wreck the train on which the invalid Grand Duchess Alexandra Josephovna and several court officials were journeying from St. Petersburg to Warsaw.

The train was derailed 26 miles from St. Petersburg, at a place where the Warsaw line was being repaired. A rail had been removed.

None of the passengers was injured. One stoker was killed.

Where and when to advertise. In the Sunday World Want sheet.

# GAS METER EXPLODED.

Tenement Cellar Wrecked and People Fled in Alarm.

An exploding gas meter partially wrecked the three-story brick tenement house at No. 33 Morris street, Jersey City, and caused considerable excitement among the occupants. The explosion shattered the cellar walls and windows, and most of the tenants fled to the street in alarm. The damage was trifling.

# FALL FATAL TO BABY BOY.

Tumbled Down Stairs and Died of a Fractured Skull.

Thomas McKoon, three years old, of No. 83 Third avenue, fell down stairs at his residence to-day, sustaining a fracture of the skull, from which he died later in the Flower Hospital.

# THIEVES FOUGHT AND ESCAPED.

CLERK BENTEN BY TWO NEGROES, WHO GOT AWAY AFTER A LONG CHASE.

Two negroes entered the jewelry store of Adolph Stern, at Eighty-fifth street and Third avenue, early to-day, stole a diamond ring valued at \$150, and then made a vicious assault on a clerk named Max Hymes.

Hymes had just opened the store when the negroes walked in and asked to see the ring. One of the men put it in his pocket and when Hymes asked him to back the two men bent him, threw him to the floor and dashed out of the place.

They ran up Eighty-fifth street, pursued by Hymes, whose cries attracted a big crowd. The men were fleetfooted, and after a run of a mile jumped on a car and escaped.

# MANIAC ESCAPES.

Donohue, Who Shot at Policeman, Breaks Out of Asylum.

Thomas Donohue, the thief who shot at Policeman Dowd in Newark, N. J., several months ago, escaped from the Asylum for the Insane at Morris Plains early this morning. The attendants of the asylum and the local police are searching everywhere for the fugitive.

Donohue, after his conviction, was sent to State prison and was subsequently transferred to the asylum. He is said to be a notorious New York "crook."

# TAILOR TRIED SUICIDE.

Destitute, He Went to Brother's Home and Swallowed Acid.

Moritz Faust, twenty-five years old, a homeless tailor, attempted suicide early to-day in the hallway of No. 216 Delancey street, with carbolic acid. He will recover.

The man's brother lives in the Delancey street house. Moritz called there, and after telling the brother of his desperation, drank the poison.

# PERSIA ON VERGE OF REVOLT.

A Widespread and Revolutionary Movement Fostered by Russian Loan.

## MARTIAL LAW IN FORCE.

Agitation Proceeds from Entourage of Shah, Who Frequently Finds Threatening Letters on Table.

COLOGNE, Sept. 2.—A despatch to the Gazette from Teheran, dated Aug. 31, says:

"A widespread and revolutionary movement is going on in Persia, fostered by discontent with the government on account of the new loan negotiations with Russia."

"The Grand Vizier is accused of selling the country and failing to make reforms. Martial law has been proclaimed in the capital and environs."

"The agitation, it is said, proceeds from the entourage of the Shah, who frequently finds threatening letters upon his writing table."

## CLAIMS A CASUS BELLI.

Venezuela Says Its Case Against Colombia Is One.

CARACAS, Venezuela, Sept. 2 (via Haytian cable).—The Official Gazette to-day published the memorandum of the Minister of Foreign Affairs to all friendly nations, explaining the complaints made by Venezuela against Colombia.

The case is considered to be a casus belli. There is much comment and excitement.

# TWELVE ARRESTS FOR SALE OF MEAT.

## NEW BUTCHERS' LAW WAS RIGIDLY ENFORCED.

Journemen Butchers Were Out Acting as Volunteer Detectives to Report Violations.

Twelve butchers who sold meat in New York City yesterday were immediately arrested. Most of them were fined from \$5 to \$10 each in police courts, a few were held under bonds for trial in Special Sessions and the rest were discharged through a plea of ignorance of the provisions of the law.

Nearly three thousand members of the Butchers' Association of Retail Butchers acted as volunteer detectives and watched for violations of the law. They were tolerably successful in keeping butcher shops closed and will be on duty again next Sunday.

Raines law dives near the closed markets did business openly and the poor who were unable to buy meat had no difficulty in spending their nickels for beer.

Many people in the tenement districts did not know that the law was to become operative, and in consequence they had no meat for their Sunday dinners. One poor woman whose daughter was sick begged so hard for half a chicken to make some broth that Mrs. Annie Lathowsky, the wife of a butcher at No. 275 Essex street, sold the fowl and then carried it to the roof and across several buildings to Hester street, where it was delivered.

Emil Haas, of No. 208 Columbus avenue, in whose shop an arrest was made, declares that steps would be taken to have the law declared unconstitutional.

"The law is arbitrary and unreasonable," says Mr. Haas, "and the boss butchers will seek to have it declared void. It fell in that we will ask the next Legislature to repeal it. It was sneaked through Albany and Gov. Odell signed it through a misapprehension. He thought it was favored by the butcher-shop proprietors as well as by the journeymen's union. As a matter of fact 75 per cent. of the men running meat establishments are opposed to it."

"One can go into a grocery or a delicatessen store open on Sunday and get what he wishes before 10 o'clock, and it is a rank discrimination if a person cannot do the same thing when he wants meat. Unless the law is declared void, it is necessary in some places to get a glass of beer. This law works an untold hardship upon poor people."

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